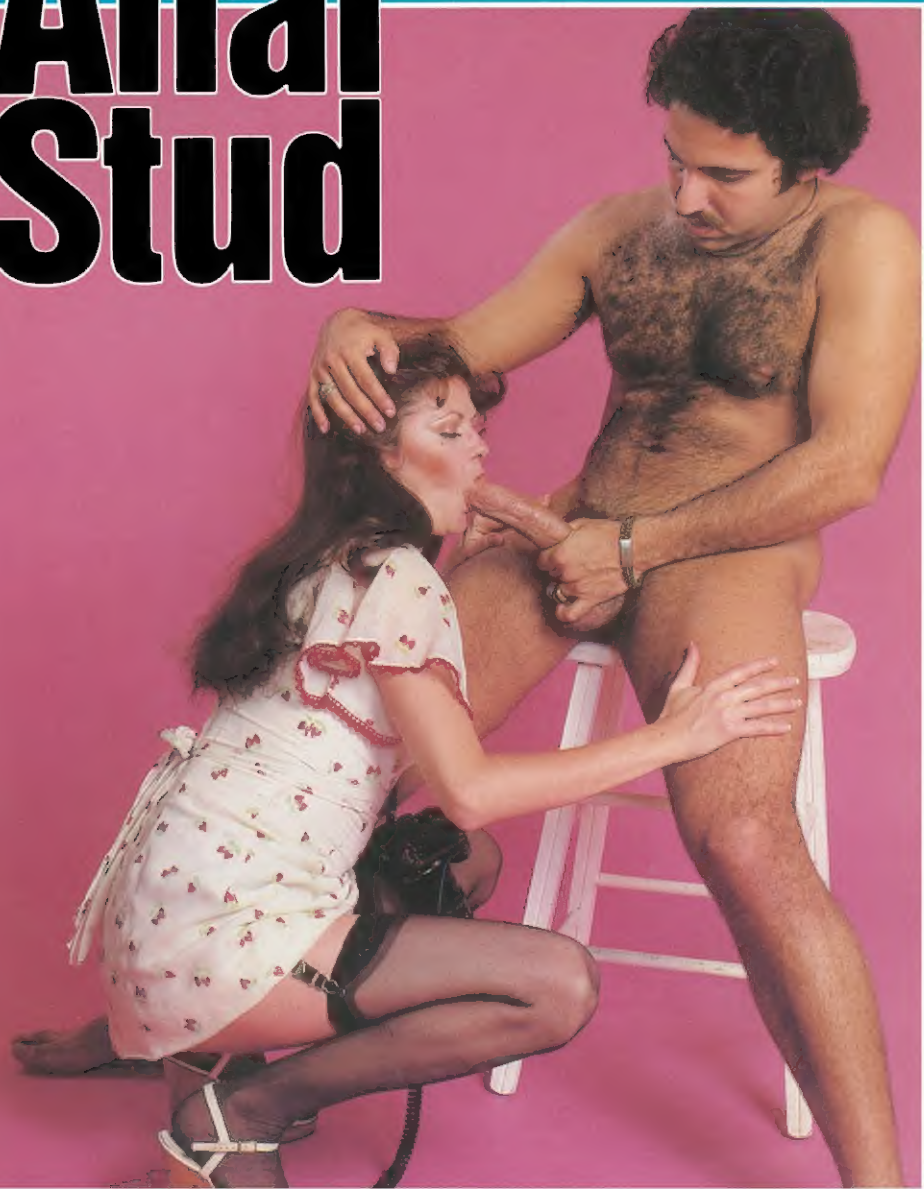


Anal Stud

FROM THE PUBLISHER OF
**SWEDISH
EROTICA**
MAGAZINES AND BOOKS



Anal Stud

FROM THE PUBLISHER OF
**SWEDISH
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... NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

\$12.50

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**SWEDISH
EROTICA**
MAGAZINES AND BOOKS

PORN STAR



ALL COLOR

"That's it, you big stud, stuff me!!"



She photographed gals together engaged in lesbian acts. She photographed her subjects in couples, trios and groups as large as could be fitted into the available space before her cam-

eras. Occasionally she filmed them in motion, with a movie camera, but the still camera was her special tool and she knew the art of arranging lights to perfection. Her cameras were like exten-

sions of herself and they yielded the results she demanded of them without failure — except on the very rare occasion of an equipment malfunction or an extremely uncooperative model. But



Fashion photography for the big agencies or the slick magazines might have paid better, but nothing turned Billy on like having her cameras pointed at the action area of a well hung stud banging his dong deep into a clinging pussy. Her breath would come in gasps as the gal being

pronged would writhe in ecstasy, her moment of orgasm approaching. No matter how hot the moment, however, how sexually stimulating the scene before her, Billy's sharp eye would never falter and her camera would faithfully record what the publisher had ordered.

Usually, Billy would get her own rocks off after the shooting session was finished and the models had dressed and departed. Her own nimble fingers or her trusty vibrator would do the necessary job — or an approximation of it — and, somewhat satiated, Billy would wend her way

most of all Billy was famous in the trade for the performances she got from her models, the extra effort they put out when she demanded it that gave her an edge over the competition.

More often than not, when a publisher had a particularly hot idea for a picture story it was Billy they asked to do the shooting, if she was not otherwise engaged. For Billy got all the assign-

ments she could handle and then some. Too often she was forced to cut into what had been set aside as leisure time, play time, to complete an assignment.

Billy loved her work.



homeward to attend to the necessary darkroom chores. Billy never trusted her material to commercial labs.

Occasionally she'd get lucky and the stud who'd done the fucking on camera would have a bit of juice left in him when the shooting was done. Since Billy paid the

It didn't take Billy long to harden his soft cock.

While she was whipping him into shape he was feeling her cunt.



models' fees herself she felt that she was entitled to get the maximum use out of them and the stud would be invited to expend whatever energy he had left on Billy's own cunt. This was a bit better than the vibrator and a lot better than her own finger, but it was still far from what he needed. The result was that Billy, the best still fuck film photographer in the country, was generally hard up for a good lay.

Sucking him off seemed the natural thing to do.

It was the biggest cock she'd ever had in her mouth.

On rare occasions — very rare — Billy's luck ran good.

Ordinarily, Billy preferred to get her models from an agency she regularly dealt with; their models were proven dependable and knew beforehand exactly what was expected of them.



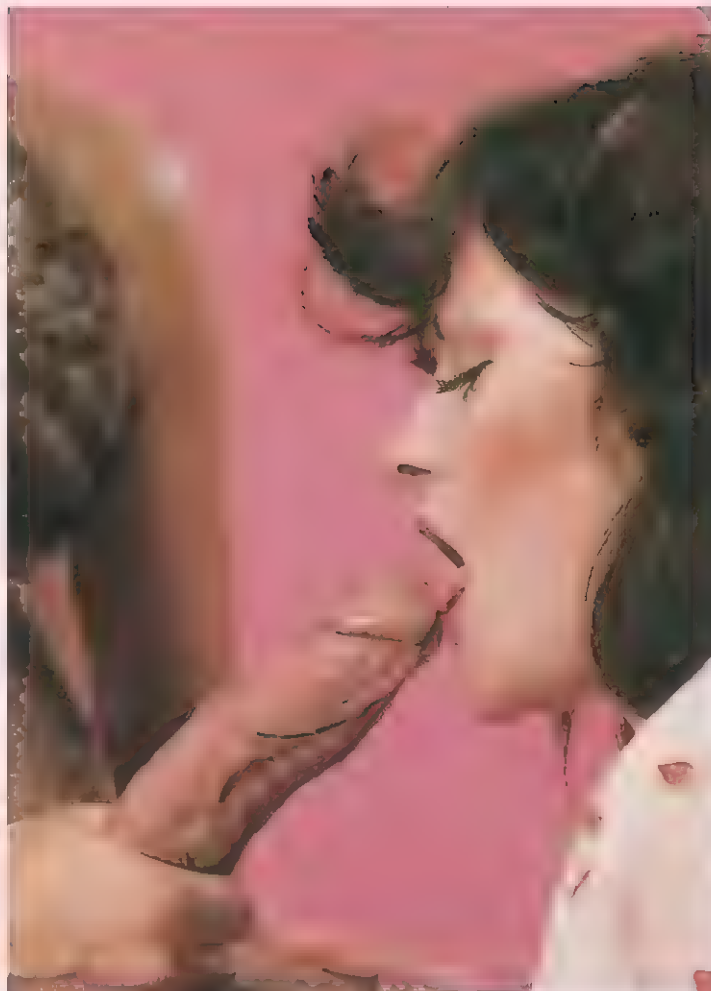






The gals weren't shy and the studs were guaranteed to be both well hung and capable of getting and using a hardon before the cameras. Volunteer models were generally enthusiastic amateurs who thought that fucking for the camera would be a great kick, but couldn't cut it when the lights were on and the chips were down. She's lost more than one entire shooting session when the stud couldn't get it up no matter how long and hard the female model sucked on him.

It was with reluctance, therefore, that she agreed to audition a stud she was introduced to at a party, who bragged to her about the size of his cock and the things he could do with it. Eric didn't have much going for him in the facial beauty line, at least according to Billy's standards (she preferred ascetic looking men who appeared not to have eaten a square meal in months) but there appeared to be muscle under his clothes and the bulge in his pants was of alarming proportions — so alarming, eventually, that she invited him to leave the party with her for an impromptu audition at her studio, where the lights were always arranged and a camera always on its tripod.



Despite the fact that Eric was not, at least superficially, the type she ordinarily went for, there was a growing warmth in Billy's crotch by the time they arrived at her studio. She knew what she really wanted from Eric. However, she

went through the motions of taking down his vital facts: age, address and so forth. She measured him with a tape measure and noted his clothing sizes, in case she ever had to costume him. She noted the way he reacted when-





blushed and again and shrugged. He'd always been hard before with women, but this was a novel experience for him and he was at a loss over how to react.

Billy's nipples hardened as she examined his cock more closely. It had to be the biggest soft cock she's ever seen and she'd certainly seen plenty. And the body it



ever her hands touched his body. Then the big moment arrived

"All right, Eric. Now let's see what you've been bragging about. Pull down your pants and haul out your cock."

Eric blushed, but did as he was told. He unbelted and unzipped, slipped pants and undershorts down to his ankles.

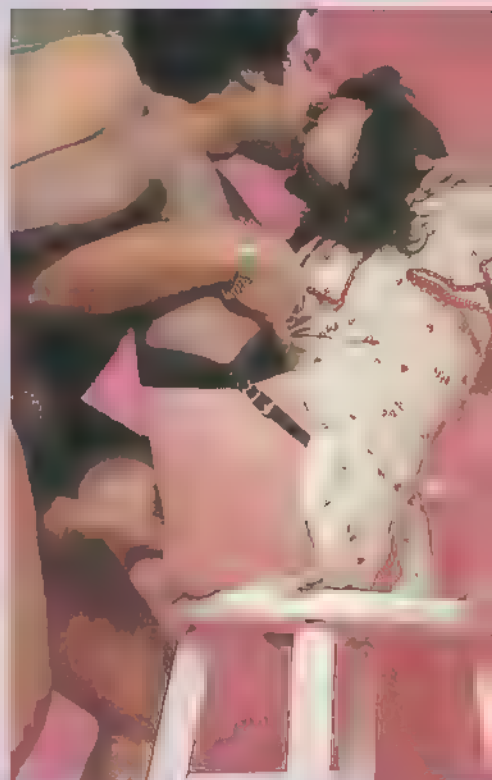
Billy leaned forward and peered down at a cock that might have been impressive if hard, but which was now as limp as a dead cat. Eric

was attached to was massively muscular. Her pussy was almost dripping as she thought about all the wonderful things that cock could do for her if she could

Eric was a gentleman who always reciprocated women's favors.

He swiftly proved himself to be at least as good a cunt lapper as she was a cocksucker.

After that, while she was still on the stool, he fucked her.



get it hard enough. She reached out one agile hand and gripped Eric's cock, began to softly stroke it encouragingly.

Whatever inhibitions Eric may have been experiencing vanished at the touch and they both watched together as it lengthened and swelled in her hand, darkening as the blood surged into it. Billy was perched on the models' stool in her studio with Eric standing beside her. Her cunt was at exactly the right height



He fucked her in every possible position while she was on the stool.

He even managed to ram it into her from behind.

Billy had never had a cock so deep in her before.



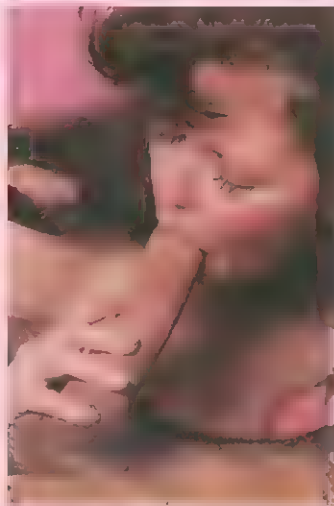
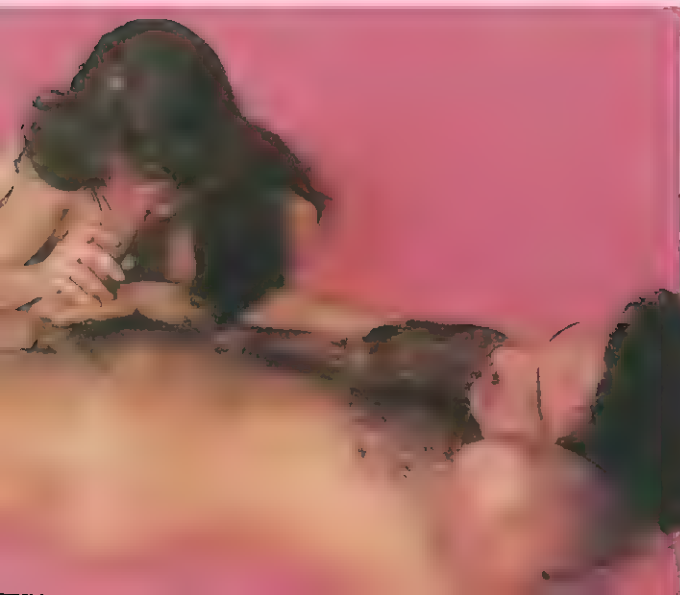


and well within Eric's reach. He reached out and began stroking it without thinking, his fingers sliding between her cunt lips to caress the sopping flesh, then seeking her clit which strained and quivered against them.

Then slowly, Billy slid off the stool and Eric mounted it. Without another word being spoken, each knew exactly what was going to happen next. Eric had shed the rest of his clothing on the way to the stool and was naked before her. Slowly, Billy went to her knees and guided his magnificent cock to her lips. It

Billy, ever the pro, photographed Eric while he was fucking her.

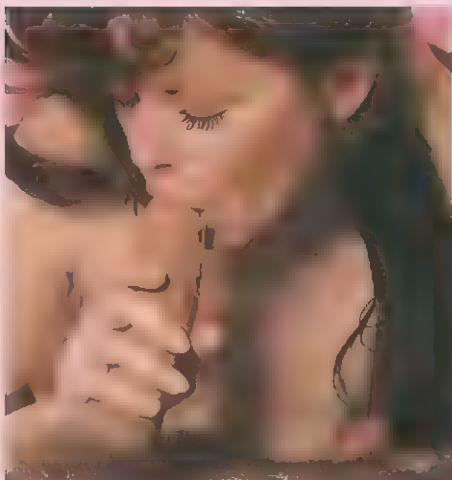
When the fucking got really violent they moved to the floor.





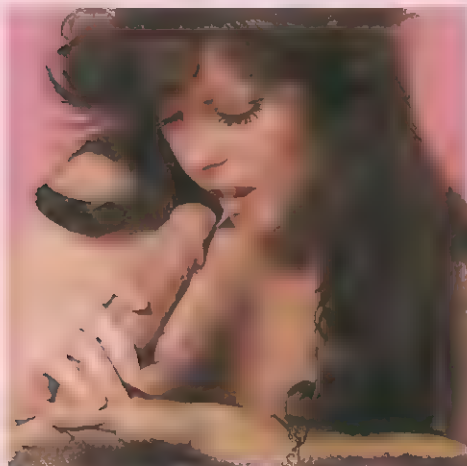


was even huger than she had hoped and it was ripe, ready to be used. No model's cunt or mouth had sucked all the good out of it first. It was, from Billy's perspective, almost a virgin cock and this night it belonged to her alone. Her lips closed around the head of it. Her tongue caressed the underside of it, the shaft, as she sucked it in as deep as she could get it. Her eyes closed and she savored the pleasures she was going to receive this night. All Eric knew was that suddenly he was being gloriously sucked off. He let himself go, let her suck him as she pleased until the pleasures



was returning the favor she had so recently granted with the most practiced tongue ever to lap hungrily between her cunt lips. He was sucking hard on her clit as though it were a cock. Billy came and her thighs convulsed together so hard that she almost crushed Eric's head.

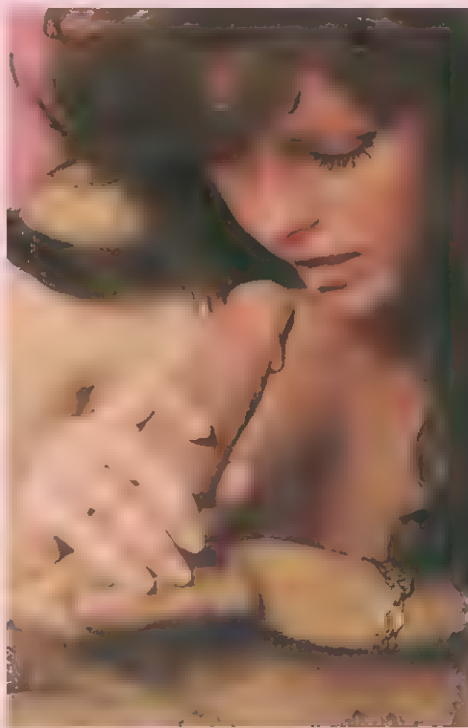
After that he fucked her. While Billy was still squatting on the stool he stood between her thighs and slid that gigantic cock deep into her until his balls stopped its progress. After that it was in and out, in and out, ever so slowly and powerfully until she was a quivering mass of



pleasures mounted beyond control and his cock was convulsing, spewing the product of his balls deep into her throat. Billy swallowed with a sighing adoring moan, then released his cock and settled back on her heels, wondering what was going to happen

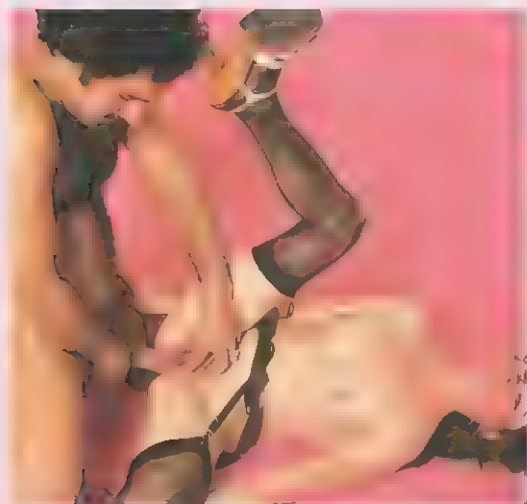
next.

What happened was everything she had hoped for, dreamed of during the long, lonely nights. Eric helped her to her feet and out of her clothing, assisted her to the stool and adjusted her to the proper position. And then he





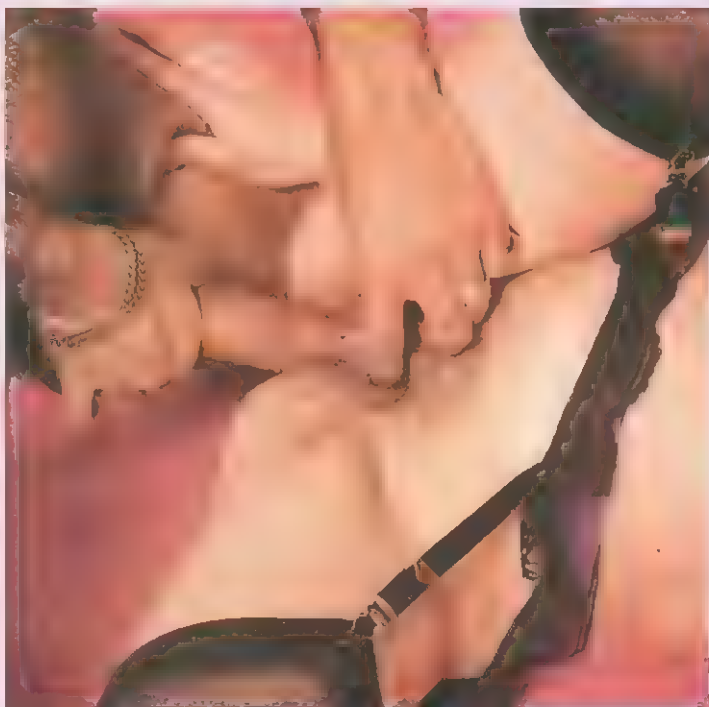




After a session like that she had to invite him to her bedroom.

female flesh locked into almost constant orgasm almost. But Billy was also a photographer, a pro. While he was fucking her, even in the throes of orgasm, she whipped a Nikon from the table beside her and began shooting Eric, recording him for posterity. Not his cock, still sliding in and out of her snatch, but his facial expressions as he built toward his own orgasm. That was Billy's thing, catching the expressions on men and women about to come.

By now the fucking was getting too violent to continue on the shaky stool. Still impaled on his cock, Eric lifted Billy from the stool and lowered her to the floor of the studio, settling himself atop her without missing more than a



It was the first time a man had ever fingered her in the ass.

She wanted more than fingers there and Eric was willing to oblige.



stroke or two. Billy had never been fucked so deeply and powerfully, never had so thick a cock filling her snatch. Eric, the volunteer she'd met at a party, was proving a far more accomplished fucker than the professionals she was used to dealing with on a daily basis. Perhaps she thought, it was at least in part because he was fresh for her and had not fucked another woman for the cameras. Maybe in the future she'd be better off finding her own men and not using the models for her pleasure. God, what a lovely cock Eric had.

After he had come in her cunt, after he had emptied all the cum he could muster into the depths of her cunt, she took his willing cock again into her mouth and gave him everything she had. Slowly his cock hardened again and slowly his hips began to move, thrusting it ever deeper between her lips. She almost gagged as he filled her mouth down to the throat, but before he could thrust it even deeper and choke her he was coming again, gasp-





**She was tight, but he
finally got it in.**

**How could she ever have
been afraid of something
so thrilling?**





ing and shuddering and pumping the thick, musky jets as fast as he she could swallow.

Eric spent that night where no man had ever been before—or at least not many. Billy took him home from the studio, home to the privacy of her apartment and her bedroom. There was something she had always wanted from a

man, something she had photographed many times but never experienced for herself. There was a sexual act that so stimulated her mind that the few errors she had ever made with a camera had been while photographing it. Billy wanted Eric's hard cock, the longest and thickest she had yet encountered, buried as deep as it would go in her ass.

Billy had only to whisper the suggestion to Eric and he began to give her what she wanted. He had been

His cock felt as though it were rupturing her bowels.









Despite the initial pain, it was the most incredible sexual sensation Billy had ever known.

fucking her at the moment, conventionally, in the cunt. At the word that she wanted it up the ass his fingers were there, probing deep and spreading her open. Transferring cunt juice to her ass to lubricate the way. An instant later he had pulled out from her cunt and the head of his cock was battering at the opening of her ass.

Slowly, against almost virginal resistance, he forced his way inside



She took another load of cum before he was finished.



her. The sensation was painful, at first, as tissues were distended more than ever before in her life. But then the head of his cock was in and thrusting deeper. Sensations were building that she had never known before. Billy hadn't realized it was possible to feel so completely filled, completely satisfied. The orgasm that exploded through her did not end as an ordinary orgasm would but went on and on seemingly forever and always

building. She could feel his cock sliding through her bowels, her intestines, creeping toward her stomach. God, he was going to fuck her all the way up to her throat and choke her in the process. Let him. If she died at this moment she would die satisfied. This was what it was all about. This was the ultimate fuck. This was worth everything else she had ever known, ever experienced.

Face flushed, eyes glazed, Billy lay face down and ass up on the bed. All awareness was concentrated on her bowel and the mighty cock filling it. Now if only there were someone with a camera to catch her expression at this moment. . . .